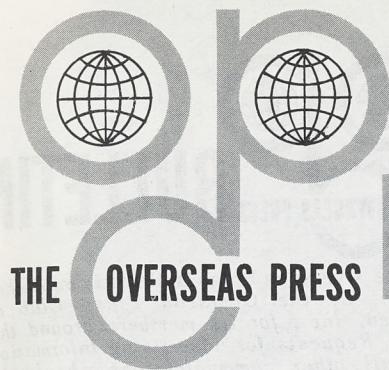


WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA



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PARIS LIBERE



AUGUST 25, 1944: "The plan was for the French to enter the city first. French tanks — that is, tanks manned by Frenchman — had been blasted all over the landscape by German tanks the night before, and American tanks manned by Americans were fighting the Germans now." Artist John Groth pictures himself (holding arm, beside jeep) as Allies duck under German fire during Liberation.

"Paris s'est libéré"

The story that many correspondents consider the most exciting of their careers, the Liberation of Paris in 1944, is recounted in the following pages in first-person reports from some of the newsmen who were privileged to

cover it.

The contributions prepared for this special *Bulletin* edition contain many sidelights on the drive into Paris — some new, some worth remembering again.

PARIS TO BE 'RE-LIBERATED' BY VETERAN CORRESPONDENTS TUES.

Paris will be liberated all over again this week at the OPC.

Tuesday night's 20th anniversary celebration of the Liberation of Paris promises to be one of the major nostalgic events of the year, with many of the top correspondents who covered the entry into Paris recounting their adventures on that history-making day for OPC listeners.

Hal Boyle, honorary chairman, will get some of his wartime reporting colleagues to tell how they covered the liberation.

An honored guest will be Genevieve, the popular French singer and comedienne, accompanied by her husband, TV producer Ted Mills.

French-style music will be performed by accordionist Sonny Kippe, and a Parisian menu, prepared by Air France.

Hot hors d'oeuvres are being flown in from France by Pan American Airways and the French Tourist Agency is putting up special decorations. Women will receive as favors Chanel No. 22 Spray, gift of Chanel, Inc.

Door prizes include champagne contributed by the Schieffelin Co. and cognac given by the French National Association of Cognac Producers. Also,



Genevieve

Newsweek Paris bureau chief Larry Collins is sending copies of the French edition of his liberation history, *Paris Brûle-t-il?*

Despite competition from the Democrats, who chose to have their convention at the same time, the OPC event was about three-quarters sold the week before.

MENU

La tortue verte au Xerez
(green turtle soup with Xerez wine)

* * *

Le contrefilet de Charollais Richelieu
(roast sirloin of prime beef, truffle sauce)

* * *

Tomate fleuriste *Pommes cocotte*
(baked tomato filled with garden vegetables) (Roasted turned potatoes)

* * *

La salade bien melangee du Chef
(tossed green salad with special dressing)

* * *

La coupe glacee Nesselrode
(chestnut sundae with creme de cocoa liqueur)

* * *

Mignardises
(assorted cookies)

* * *

Le Delicieux moka des Iles
(special Colombia coffee)

THE OVERSEAS PRESS BULLETIN

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This edition of the Bulletin was prepared under the direction of Werner Renberg and Elliott Bernstein. Front page and centerspread layouts were designed by Harry O. Diamond, Art Director for The Lamp, the Standard Oil Co. of N.J. publication.

The Bulletin Committee and staff would like to express their appreciation to the contributors who prepared original material for this issue.

STREET DANCING AGAIN IN PARIS

By BERNARD S. REDMONT

PARIS — The 20th anniversary of the liberation of Paris on Aug. 25, 1944, will be celebrated here with fireworks, dancing in the streets and probably a speech by General de Gaulle from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville (City Hall).

De Gaulle virtually ignored the anniversary of the Normandy landings, presumably because he had been kept at arm's length by his allies.

But he will interrupt his summer vacation at his country estate to give a special luster to the Liberation of Paris commemoration.

The festivities will have an Aug. 15 curtain-raiser when de Gaulle goes to the Riviera and Provence to preside at the commemoration of the allied landing in southern France.

On Aug. 21, the Paris ceremonies begin with a "bal populaire" in the streets in front of the Hotel de Ville. On Aug. 22, a special commemorative stamp will be issued, and the French Government is organizing an entertainment show on the Place de la Concorde.

On Aug. 23, the veterans of the Free French Second Armored Division will flower commemorative plaques to their dead in Paris, and at nightfall there will be a second "bal populaire" on the Pont Neuf (New Bridge) over the River Seine.

Then, on Aug. 24, fireworks display at the Place de la Concorde.

On Aug. 25, there will be religious ceremonies and wreath-layings in the morning. De Gaulle will go to the Gare Montparnasse, scene of the German surrender, in the afternoon. Then, he will inaugurate a new exhibition which will be the nucleus of a Museum of the Resistance and Second World War at Les Invalides, as part of the Museum of the Army.

He will review a parade of police (who participated in the resistance battle) at the Police Prefecture, which will be followed by a city hall reception for resistance veterans, and then deliver a speech from the balcony, according to tentative plans.

Calendar

All reservations will be charged to members accounts unless cancelled in writing 24 hours prior to function.

(Tapes of the Wednesday Luncheons are broadcast regularly at 5 p.m. over WNYC.)

Tues., Aug. 25 — Liberation of Paris. Anniversary Celebration and Reunion. Cocktails, 6:30 p.m., dinner, 7:30 p.m. \$5.

Wed., Sept. 9 — Press Luncheon, with U.S. Marine Corps Commandant Wallace M. Greene. 12:30 p.m. \$3.

Mon., Sept. 14 — Freedom of the Press Night — discussion of the role of American press in current elections. Cocktails, 6:30 p.m., dinner, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Sept. 17 — Luncheon, with Lord Boyd, discussing English and American politics. 12:30 p.m. \$3.

Fri., Sept. 18 — Irish Night Bistro Party. Cocktails, buffet. \$3.50.



LIBERATION: Paris crowds, out to see liberators, sink to ground as shooting breaks out in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. (AP Wirephoto)

PARIS LIBERE

Most Were 'First' on Liberation Story

By JOHN MacVANE

(Then an NBC correspondent, now ABC's UN correspondent.)

I have never met an ex-war correspondent who was in France during that summer of 1944 who did not claim to be the first reporter into Paris. It is probably about time that we settle the matter once and for all. I was the first American war correspondent to enter Paris at the moment of liberation, because I sat in the front seat of the jeep named "Chicago Kid", and Wright Bryan, then of NBC and the *Atlanta Journal*, was the second correspondent, two feet behind me in the back seat.

This I shall prove to all unbiased newsmen, and leave the few remaining skeptics to argue about it in the Press Club bars of the United States and points East and West. The whole matter is explained in an unpublished book of mine, unpublished because my agent says publishers say they are not interested in WW II remembrances of war correspondents, but this is a short account.

Wright and I took off at dawn on the 24th from the squabble of correspondents at Rambouillet. Outside the town, we found part of the LeClerc Deuxieme Division Blindée beginning to move. We moved with them, passing from one road to the other until we had reached the lead cavalry squadron. Following our movements on the map, one could see

that the Division was swinging in a wide arc around the outside of the circle of old forts guarding Paris. At times, we would stop when resistance showed, and a few tanks would drop off to mask or reduce a strong point while the Division kept moving.

First?

Then we turned and headed for Paris. At Antony, we were held up by some German resistance. One odd feature was an anti-tank gun emplaced in a sewer. A French Sherman tank would roll up within a few feet of it and spray it with machinegun fire. The gun in the sewer would blast a shell at the tank. There would be a great cloud of smoke, but either the gun had no armor piercing shells or was not powerful enough to cut through the armor. The tank, apparently undamaged, would wheel back a few yards, then roll forward once again with machinegun blazing. It was there that Germans launched one of their little robot Goliath tanks, but the control cord was cut and it never did go off. If it had, it would have probably killed more civilians than soldiers. It was there also that Jean Marin, now Director General of Agence France Presse, then a Free French naval officer, confirmed to me that we really were with the spearhead of the division and no other American correspondents had arrived so far.

(Cont'd on page 12)

144

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WELCOME: American soldiers get exuberant welcome from French women as the Allies enter Paris. (AP Wirephoto)

PARIS LIBERE

One Eye On The War, One On Paris

By ANDY ROONEY

(Then a Stars & Stripes staffer, now with CBS.)

Every reporter who reached Paris on August 25th, 1944, must have wished he'd held a few superlatives in reserve. If there was a Hall of Fame for Days, that day would be one of the first elected. At the time no one could find any unused words to say about it that seemed adequate. Most newsmen found themselves, when they got at their typewriters, with some fatuous lead — "Paris,

the City of Light, is free" (mine) — followed by a jumbled first-person report of the Parisians' orgy of joy.

From the time of the First Army breakthrough at St. Lo every correspondent had one eye on the war at hand and one on Paris. Both the British and Americans wanted the job of liberating it. For one thing, it was apparent that all of Paris was going to be easier to take than the next fifty feet in the hedgerow country and for another it would be a lot more rewarding, rewards so dear to the

hearts of soldiers and correspondents alike — wine, women and publicity. Song they could do without.

When word leaked out that Eisenhower had diplomatically assigned the job of taking Paris to the Second French Armored Division, commanded by a road-company de Gaulle named Jacques LeClerc, newsmen fled their regular assignments and raced to Rambouillet, the rallying point about 25 kilometers from Paris.

Arriving correspondents found that Ernest Hemingway was already solidly entrenched in the comfortable, modern red-brick hotel and was in command of a small group of Maquis who had been scouting the terrain between there and Paris for weeks. He worked out of two hotel rooms, one of which was a small arms arsenal and there was no doubt, as things turned out, that Hemingway knew more about German gun and tank placements than any of the military assigned to the task.

For two long days, August 22 and 23rd, the correspondents waited while SHAEF ironed out the details of how the taking of Paris would be staged. Bicyclists from Paris arrived with a variety of reports: Paris was in the hands of the Free French forces, the people of Paris were starving, the Germans were about to blow up the Metro. None of these turned out to be exactly true but it made waiting difficult. What made it even more difficult were several false reports that Paris had fallen. U.S. papers headlined the fall of Paris. Radio blared the news. King George broadcast congratulations to de Gaulle. And meanwhile the newsmen who were there and knew Paris had not fallen, fumed at the absentee reporting that was robbing them of their story.

Inevitably there was friction among correspondents at Rambouillet. Regulars from the 1st and 3rd Army press camp, Ninth Air Force correspondents, a handful of floaters and the reporters who had been with the British and Canadians arrived. Everyone thought everyone else was carpet-bagging and should have stayed where they belonged. There was never any professional love lost between First and Third Army Press camps anyway. Correspondents following the First had always been irritated by the job newsmen at the Third had done convincing America that Patton was winning the war. Hemingway thought everyone but he should have stayed home. At one point Bruce Grant, the veteran Chicago newsmen, was in the dining room at the hotel complaining loud and clear that he couldn't get a room because Hemingway had them all tied up. Hemingway strode to where Grant was standing and knocked him to the floor with his ham-fisted, battle-scarred right hand. Grant got to

his feet and Harry Harris, the AP photographer, prevented what might have been the worst pitched battle in the taking of Paris by placing all of his five feet between the six foot two Grant and the massive Hemingway and shoving them apart with his out- and up-stretched arms placed on their chests.

Grant wasn't the only one who couldn't get a room. Ernie Pyle located a pile of straw in a nearby barn and made himself a bed of it in the corner of the dining room. There was some mild excitement that night when Ernie fell asleep with a lighted cigarette in his hand. His bed caught fire and as other reporters circled the flaming straw, stamping on burning bits or throwing water, it looked like a ritual fire dance.

On the evening of August 23rd, a Wednesday, word came that LeClerc's forces would divide and attack Paris from two angles. About ten newsmen chose to go with the smaller of the two forces. I was in a jeep with Bill White, then AP, and *Bob Reuben* for Reuters. At one point, just where Hemingway said they would be, three German Panthers opened fire and knocked out the two lead tanks in the French force. We were stopped for an hour or more while the French tankers fanned out through the fields to outflank them and I walked up to crouch behind a stonewall below the brow of a hill to watch the action. I looked along the wall and ten feet from me I saw Hemingway hunched down. I forgot about Paris and the German tanks and all I could think to myself was "My gosh, here I am behind a stone wall with Ernest Hemingway."

I said "Panther?"

Hemingway said "Yeah."

It wasn't much and it's the only time we ever spoke but with that much to go on I've told my children I knew him.

It was dark when the Shermans reached St. Cloud, the suburb across the river from Paris. A few armored scout cars and several jeep loads of correspondents crossed the Pont de Seves but the French commander wisely decided he would wait on the St. Cloud side until morning.

Everyone had recrossed the bridge to the safety of St. Cloud for the night except Jimmy McGlinchy of the UP, G.K. Hodenfield of *Stars & Stripes*, and Lee Carson, INS. They had found a small hotel and stayed on the Paris side. There was very little to file that night because it was the same story and without a Paris dateline. Don Whitehead, AP, turned up the only good story when he had the good sense to make a simple telephone call from St. Cloud to the housekeeper in the U.S. Embassy building near the Place de la Concorde. Jimmy McGlinchy located Danielle Darrieux somewhere in the suburbs. If anyone was

going to locate Danielle Darrieux, it had to be McGlinchy.

The following morning the Pont de Sevre was littered with the bodies of two truckloads of German soldiers, their blood dripping into the Seine below. It was apparent they had been trying to escape Paris and made the mistake of starting across the River whose left bank at that point bristled with the .75mm guns of the M4 tanks.

At dawn the bridge was cleared of bodies and debris and the French armored division rumbled over and on into Paris. From that point on it was bedlam, and if there seem to be a large number of correspondents who bill themselves as "the first to return to Paris", it can be charitably said that almost anyone may have been. The main column that entered along the Rue d'Orleans and the Rue Aristide Briand past Notre Dame knew nothing of the force that came through St. Cloud and we knew nothing of them. Many in both groups saw nothing of other correspondents and with the exception of a few old Paris hands like Charles Collingwood and *Bill Hearst*, not many newsmen were familiar enough with Paris to know the "ville" from the "cité." It was a question of boundaries.

Paris August 25th, 1944, was like you've read it was. There was a small fight over at the Longchamps racetrack, firefights broke out occasionally at street barricades and it's all true about Jack Redding. Occasionally a wild scene of joy would turn into a vicious moment of hate as police or soldiers flushed cowering Wehrmacht headquarters clerks out of buildings. The crowd would surround them, kicking and flailing at them, striking sickening blows on bare heads with empty bottles or sticks until the prisoners were herded, bloody and shaking with fear, into a truck or police van.

But most reporters could only report that they were kissed, and they were. Ernie Pyle stood on the balcony of the Scribe hotel that afternoon after press headquarters had been set up there and, looking down on the wildly happy mob of women smothering soldiers with affection, Pyle turned to Clark Lee and said: "Anyone who sleeps alone tonight is an exhibitionist."

U.S. newsmen entering Paris with the liberating forces were put in the position of being heroes, as though it was they who had fought off the beaches and through the hedgerows. Many of them felt wrong accepting French gratitude when they knew the men who deserved it were not present. But there was a strange obligation on their part to play the role and on that great day in history most newsmen spent more time being proud, representative Americans than correspondents.

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PARIS LIBÉRÉ PARIS L

Every Parisian Had The Greatest Story In The World To Tell

By LARRY LeSUEUR

(In 1944 a CBS correspondent, now acting chief correspondent for the Voice of America.)

That August twenty-fifth twenty years ago was surely the most pleasurable exciting day in my career. As a story it did have its difficulties — and an over abundance of stories since every Parisian had the greatest one in the world to tell you — his own. And how they pulled and tugged at you to tell it. Sometimes it was even pathetic. I

remember having to break away from a near-skeleton embracing me on the Champs Elyseés as he cried: "I just got out of concentration camp at St. Cloud!" All I could manage to say as I scurried away seeking some voice communication out of Paris was "Congratulations!"

Paris, of course, had outranked everything as an army objective and personal goal since D-Day. It had taken three gruelling months to get there through the Normandy Hedgerows. Some

of us never made it. But it was a perfect day warm and sunny when LeClerc's French tanks and the U.S. Fourth Division rolled into the most beautiful city in Europe. I'll never forget the shouting and the noise. The clatter of tanks through the streets past cobblestone barricades thrown up by the Paris FFI for that week of hand-to-hand fighting preceding our entry. The almost hysterical women and almost constant gunfire. The FFI were attacking Nazis holed up in the Ministry of Marine on the Place



Place de l'Etoile
Paris Aug. 25

SCENE AT PLACE DE E'TOILE: "We had reached the heart of the city. We had seen no other correspondents and no other Americans. We had come with the head of the column through the only open gate. We were the first Americans in Paris. We had a story to tell".

Libéré PARIS Libéré

To Tell -- His Own

de La Concorde from behind cobblestones and captured German vehicles. They finally charged the Ministry behind a captured amphibious jeep flying the Tricolor. Vichy police were being hunted on the rooftops and were evidently firing back. However, the people of Paris did not seem very much alarmed, so great was their joy. The firefights just added to the general excitement. I rode with LeClerc's tanks up the Champs Elysées to their rally point at the Racing Club in the Bois.

They were still playing tennis at the Club when we got there and the players didn't look any different for those who had been playing the day I retreated from Paris on June 9, 1940.

They didn't even stop volleying long enough to welcome the Free French tanks. It was at the Club pool that I witnessed my first "bikini" — just handkerchiefs that barely covered the terrain, bathing suits being non-existent during the occupation. I finally encountered Jim McGlinchey of United Press at about dusk. The streets were deserted at nightfall as tanks took up position at almost every bridge. We were challenged repeatedly as we made our way through the blackout to an "underground" radio station where Jim got through the first story and I believe I got the first eye-witness through to CBS about the liberation of Paris. I commandeered a room that night at the Hotel Lancaster. Next morning I found Ernie Pyle and Hal Boyle at the Grand Hotel. Ernie prepared breakfast for us over his jeep stove and uttered the immortal words: "Any G.I. without a girl on his arm today is a pure exhibitionist."

DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH

The drawings on these pages and on page one are by John Groth, the correspondent-artist who covered the European theater of World War II on-the-scene drawings of its major events.

The picture published in Groth's book, *Studio Europe*, are reproduced here from the original drawings, furnished by the artist. Cutline material is excerpted from the book.



THE GIRLS: "There were so many, it seemed inevitable that one of them should be the girl with whom I would walk along the river and sit in the cafes on the boulevard — to whom I would tell everything about myself and who, in turn, would tell everything about herself to me. To be without a pretty girl in Paris is like going through the Tunnel of Love without a girl".



REVERSE ACTION: "As we turned left into the Boulevard Montparnasse, we could see that crowds were jammed there, too, from the lines of houses to the lines of vehicles. And then suddenly this whole scene was in reverse, like a newsreel being run backwards. We did not know what had happened. All we knew was that suddenly there were no more people on the streets, and the tanks were bare, and then there were shots".

LeClerc Seemed Lost, But Wasn't

By JOHN WILHELM

(Reuters correspondent during the war, now managing Editor McGraw Hill World News)

I was a war correspondent with the Third U.S. Army as we neared Paris, and the correspondents began to break from their army assignment and plan to cover the arrival of allied forces in the French capital.

My jeep headed into Paris under a bright blue sky on August 23, and we found General LeClerc, whose French armored division had apparently been diverted without orders into Paris, standing alongside a tank at an intersection on the outskirts of Paris studying a road map. All was confusion and traffic was piling up everywhere. General LeClerc seemed painfully lost. I gather he found his way, as he did move to the Left Bank on the 24th, and to the Right Bank and the Hotel de Ville on the 25th.

Reuters, for whom I was reporting, had asked me to cover the entry into Paris, along with Sheaghn Mayne, who was to get to a Persian radio station and broadcast to London (he did, was heard, and was suspended for violating censorship) while I was to try to recover Reuters' old bureau from the German-controlled Havas people who had taken it over when the Nazis marched into Paris.

I had the address of the Havas building — on the Bourse in the heart of Paris. The first night, while allied forces were still on the Left Bank, *Bill Hearst*, who was in another jeep accompanying our group, guided us to a small Left Bank hotel, Hotel des Etats-Unis, and we got a small restaurant to serve us supper and break out their hidden cache of champagne. Needless to say, mobs were on all sides cheering, and we had a group of enthusiastic French sit down to supper with us. Girls were kissing all soldiers, and correspondents were not excepted.

The next day, as allied forces crossed over, the correspondents began arriving at the Scribe or Grand Hotel, where Army Group had commandeered facilities for them which were to last as long as the war and then some months more, but I took off to locate the Reuters office on the Bourse.

I walked into the Havas building about 3 p.m. on the 25th, Liberation Day in Paris, inquired if Reuters didn't have an office in the building, and was politely shown to a second floor corner office with the name Reuters still on the door, although only Havas employees were using it. They hastily bowed out, and I sat down and wrote the first dispatch to Reuters from their Paris bureau since 1940.

French Got Greetings From Cockpit

By ROSS HAZELTINE

(With First Army Press Camp in 1944; now with NBC News.)

On the morning of August 22, 1944, even the sleepest correspondents at the First Army Press Camp got up early . . . and in high good spirits, too. The word was that the German Army had begun to withdraw from Paris; Allied troops were expected to enter the city that day. Our correspondents trooped off in jeeps early in the morning . . . leaving behind a few junior public relations officers, like me, because every one of our jeeps was crowded to capacity.

A little later, Casey Dempsey . . . I think it was Casey . . . gave me an assignment I received joyfully. I was ordered to fly to Paris in an L-4 liaison plane borrowed . . . with pilot . . . from XIX Corps. We were to land on the infield at Longchamps race track. I was to make my way to press headquarters in the Scribe Hotel. In case communications facilities were out or inadequate, copy could be sent back on the plane.

We took off about noon . . . flying low and having a great time waving from our open cockpits to frenchmen in their fields and villages. As the plane's wheels touched down at Longchamps, I saw that the race track was ringed with dug-in 88's and machine guns. Many of the German gunners were stretched out shirtless on the grass beside their guns . . . basking in the sun and just as surprised as we were. My pilot whipped the plane up off the ground . . . over the trees that border the Seine . . . and down to within a few inches of the river. We flew out of Paris under the bridges over the Seine.

Crowds on the bank of the river cheered us . . . thinking, I suppose, that we were two intrepid Americans who had dared fly right into the jaws of the enemy in an unarmed plane, just for the fun of it.

As it turned out our troops liberated Paris three days later. Lt. Roy Wilder and I went in . . . by car . . . with a regiment of the Fourth U.S. Infantry Division that marched through without opposition, without stopping . . . poor boys. When we arrived at the Scribe Hotel, the manager told us we were the first Americans he had seen. So, naturally, we did what any other red-blooded Americans would do. We sallied forth to enjoy a bit more of wondrous fun and games that August 25th in Paris.

PARIS LIBERE

'Borrowed' Jeep

By BUD KANE

(Former Stars & Stripes newsman.)

Reporters with a small city or small town background rarely run into a story of world — or even national — interest. Yet, thrown into a world war, with major stories coming up each day, you find yourself prepared — even with a limited newspaper background — to meet the occasion.

Such an occasion was the Liberation of Paris, a city which has created thousands of different responses in a thousand times as many Americans. Paris — the dream city.

At exactly what stage after the invasion of Normandy the idea of getting to Paris occurred to me is lost in the dim recesses of memory.

I remember, however, when it took concrete shape.

After wandering over half of Normandy for a month by hitchhiking from one division to another, filling a story here and a story there to the *Stars & Stripes* in Cherbourg, I joined up with the Sixth Armored Division one evening, readying its drive up the Brittany peninsula.

Halfway to Brest, perhaps on about the 8th of August, I came across a dilapidated automobile abandoned by the French Maquis. Reasons for its abandonment were pretty obvious after I had tested it with some gasoline from a jerrican. It worked. The Maquis had merely run out of gas.

It had no doors. They'd taken them off to make quick and unobstructed firing — and quick egress, if necessary — as easy as possible.

Joined by the late Duke Shoup of the *Kansas City Star*, Sonny Gottlieb of INS and Philip Grune of the *London Standard*, I was the possessor of transportation, no longer dependent upon the Army for wheels.

A week later, with the capture of Brest unlikely for a couple of weeks despite the Sixth's mad dash up the peninsula in only a few days, I left and drove back to Cherbourg. There I found that the *Stars & Stripes* had moved, meanwhile, to Rennes.

Back to Rennes I went, where my newly-acquired vehicle stopped and died. I mean, died. It wouldn't go another foot.

"You Get Up First"

Seeing a row of jeeps at the *Stars & Stripes* headquarters, I asked Editor Bob Moora how a guy got hold of a jeep.

"You get up first," Moora answered — jokingly, I learned later.

Reporter's Passport To The Paris Story

"You get up first, and you have transportation. Lie on your can in a soft bed, and you walk later," Moora added.

I took his remark seriously and was up at six the next morning, had started a jeep and was down the highway toward a war that had moved far away.

A few hours later, equipped with a camera, jeep and typewriter, I was in Dreux, where I ran across a weary Bob Capa, sipping a cognac. He waved me to a seat alongside him and briefed me on where the war was.

I left him and made my way to Mantes-Gassicourt, where I met *Hal Boyle* and some other American newsmen in a jeep and gained newer intelligence.

A half hour later, I grabbed some pictures of the first crossing of the Seine at Mantes-Gassicourt by engineers of the 79th Division, who had established a bridgehead there.

Moving ahead again, I stopped at one American unit after another. At each, the rumors were coming thick and fast (and contradictory). Paris was being evacuated. Paris was being heavily defended. Paris was this, Paris was that. Paris, Paris. I had to get to Paris.

I moved onward. With a jeep, and an extra jerrican of gas, I had no problems.

From Mantes, my path led to Houdan, through side roads to Ablis — eating on the bounty of French farm women and GI rations — and across to Etampes. GI vehicles were rolling along the main roads and from each unit I picked up fresh intelligence.

At Etampes, I heard that American correspondents were to be held at Rambouillet to prevent their getting into Paris prematurely. I moved eastward, away from Rambouillet.

Across toward Fontainebleau and up toward Corbeil I went, where some close-

hand tank fighting discouraged my continuing along that road. I backtracked a little and cut across smaller roads until I came across the main road from Orleans to Paris where I ran across some forward elements of the French 2nd Armored Division.

Translation Furnished

They were going to Paris, a French newspaperman traveling with them told me. So, too, was I — and with them.

With the French newsman, Gilbert Mathieu, with me, I had all I needed, even a translator.

That evening, moving through French villages, the French division was stopped by some heavy artillery fire concentrated on the road ahead and we withdrew a mile or so to bivouac for the night.

The next morning, we resumed the march on Paris. By six-thirty a.m., we were four miles from the city, upon which we drove up toward the vanguard of the armored column and got between a couple of French tanks.

By this time, the populace crowding the road leading to Porte d'Orleans proved a greater hazard than any of the spasmodic firing which came from hidden pockets of Germans.

We moved nearer to the gate to the city. I pulled out of line and drew up toward the lead tanks.

At seven-thirty, almost to the second, we passed through Porte d'Orleans and I pulled out again to get to the lead tank.

"Comment vous appelez-vous?" I called to the tank commander who was looking out from the turret.

"Whatdja say?" he yelled back. Imagine it, he was American.

"What's your name, and how did you get into this?" I yelled over the noise

of the tanks.

He told me his name and gave me his outfit identification. It was an American reconnaissance outfit delegated to lead the French unit into the city.

From then on, it was merely the problem of getting further into the city, taking pictures of activities as I went, making sure to take one of the Cathedral of Notre Dame as insurance against any doubt of their authenticity.

Eye Witness Report

That afternoon I started back to Rennes, with a French couple in my jeep, and arrived there late in the evening with the *Stars & Stripes* already running off the presses.

"Want an eye-witness story of the Liberation of Paris?" I asked Moora, who was at that second ready to jump down my throat for having taken his jeep.

"You're damn right. And it had better be good or I'll kill you for stealing my jeep," he added.

I handed my plateholders to someone to develop the negatives and soon was dictating a story to Carl Larsen while Moora read copy between yells at the French pressmen to hold everything and be ready for a re-plate.

With almost every other newsman in Paris frantic because communications were jammed and their stories delayed, mine was being set into metal and hours later was in copies of the *Stars & Stripes* on the way to the newsstand counter of the Hotel Scribe in Paris, where late arrivals to the city could read about what had happened.

What greater pleasure could there be than to stroll into the Scribe the following morning and see them reading your story? No former small-town reporter could enjoy greater pleasure.



VICTORY MARCH: American Infantry Troops march down the Champs Elysees in Paris.

The Paris Herald Helps Its Army Rival Set Up Shop

By AL PETERSON

Eric Hawkins went to work for James Gordon Bennett's Paris *Herald* on only two hour's notice the day the *Lusitania* was torpedoed in 1915. He stayed there until his retirement in 1960, and for thirty-six of these years he was the managing editor of the wackiest, best-known American newspaper published abroad, covering two world wars and four decades of uneasy, gaudy, sometimes funny peace.

In a book written with Robert Sturdevant (former AP, ABC, now VOA), and published last year by Simon and Schuster, Hawkins tells of his life in Paris. He put to bed the last newspaper to appear on the newsstands before the Nazis occupied Paris in 1940 and returned in 1944 when shooting could still be heard in the streets.

In the following excerpts from the book, Hawkins tells of the first days of liberation. Landing at Laval from England, he met Robert Moora, editor of *Stars & Stripes* (later with *N.Y. Herald-Tribune*) headed in a jeep for Paris. He continues:

"Next morning we sped through the glories of rural France in summertime over highways and past villages that

only occasionally showed the ravages of war, so swift had been the Allied advance. The war had rolled away from these hills and meadows weeks before yet you would have thought that Moora and I were in a leading tank column. In every town and village the people cheered at the sight of our jeep and our American uniforms.

Showered With Artichokes

"The closer we got to Paris the more riotous the greeting. It had been only a few days since General Jacques LeClerc's Second French Armored Division had rushed through the nail down the victory sparked by the uprising of the Parisian Resistance. We were showered with wild flowers and vegetables, among them cauliflowers and artichokes.

"...The Resistance men were still rooting out hidden Germans — as well as collaborators — and sporadic shooting could be heard in the streets and from the housetops.

"Moora and I did not stop. We headed directly for the Rue de Berri. It was evening as we turned off the Champs Elysées into the street of my memories, and in the twilight I could see clearly the six-story sign on the building's facade proclaiming: *Herald Tribune*.

"I choked a little on my emotions...

"The liberation of Paris by Allied armies shook the French capital in all its multicolored aspects, and among the institutions that changed their allegiance with remarkable speed were the *maisons de tolérance*... Overnight in that hot August of 1944 the girls switched from jack-booted Wehrmacht types to dusty G.I.'s.

"...After months in the hedge-rows of Normandy and Brittany the troops were more than ripe for the pleasures of Paris. For ten days after the August 24th liberation the houses of joy burst with an affluence not seen since the end of the 1914-1918 war. Then suddenly the trade dropped off as U.S. military authorities formally put these premises off limits and posted M.P.'s to see that the orders were respected.

"I got to the city on August 30, a few days after the liberation, thanks to my lift from Moora, and my thoughts and desires were less lusty than those of the soldiers. My concern was to get to the Herald building, open it up and start preparations for resuming publication. This I did immediately, and I was thrilled when I opened the door to my old office.

"There were to be several months yet before the Herald could obtain the permission and the means to operate again. Meantime *Stars & Stripes* began

printing in our premises on September 5. I moved right in with these young lads, lending a hand from time to time while helping to lay the groundwork for the postwar Herald.

"Sitting around the news desk late at night with these soldier-journalists I picked up sidelights on the liberation that otherwise might have escaped me, especially about those rousing ten days of scarlet action in the most famous of the city's *maisons de tolérance*. I thought I knew Paris pretty well as a long-time resident, but my young American investigators filled me in on aspects that up to then had never entered my experience.

"There was the tall, ruddy master sergeant in the army's Counterintelligence Corps, whose duty required him to visit at least a dozen houses of prostitution every night. He was known as the whore-house expert and greatly admired by his fellow servicemen. He had his headquarters on the Place Pigalle in a dive called Le Grand Jeu, and his day began at six o'clock in the evening, lasting until dawn.

'Line of Duty'

"Later, after being demobilized, Master Sergeant Michael Horton came to the Herald as the author of a column entitled "Mostly About People." He certainly knew people.

"His job was to track down characters wanted for espionage or treason, many of them suspected of being sheltered by the babes in the cribs. In line of duty he therefore acquired much information on establishments now lost to the world by the French reform law of 1946, which abolished them.

"One of the most famous was the House of All Nations, which was located behind the Bibliotheque Nationale. This was notable for its round-the-world accommodations..."

"On the morning after the liberation a group of G.I.'s trailed up the cement path to the House of All Nations at two A.M., escorted by a knowledgeable three-striper who had visited Paris before the war. A huge Negress opened the door. "Entrez, messieurs!"

"A blonde of indeterminate age waltzed up and shook hands with the ten Americans crowded around the entrance. "We welcome you," she said in English. "You are our first Americans." Then she cracked out some names, and the girls appeared.

"They were blondes, brunettes and red-heads. They all wore satin slippers and nothing else. The perfume was overpowering.

"Seated at tiny tables, a girl in the

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Classified

buff between two guys with carbines, the lads began to warm up over magnums of champagne, left over from a party two nights earlier when the hostesses bid goodbye to their earlier liberators. It was easy to buy the bubbly — every soldier had plenty of the play money the United States was printing for liberation francs. They hadn't been able to spend it for months because the Normans took a dim view of the stuff...

"In early September Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., arrived in Paris under instructions from the top management to assist in preparatory work for relaunching the paper and eventually to become its first post-war editor. My job was to get *Stars & Stripes* installed and to canvass the situation. Actually I had thought the Herald could get started quickly, but as it turned out there were many difficulties. One of these was the reluctance of the Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, to favor the *Herald Tribune* when the Army newspaper was on the spot. Another was extreme shortage of newsprint...

"...Finally came William E. Robinson, the New York paper's vice president, who became an intimate friend of General Eisenhower.

The Wall

"It was Robinson, I believe, who conceived the wall. This was a temporary bricked-up partition across the middle of the Paris *Herald's* editorial room that separated *Stars & Stripes* from the embryo European Edition.

"The wall was originally brick-red. By the time it was torn down to enable our paper to become itself again the inscriptions and general graffiti were so numerous as to make it virtually black.

"Jules Grad, the army's pool correspondent at Eisenhower's headquarters at Versailles and a member of the *Stars & Stripes* staff, has reminded me of one of the more jarring *affichages* in the wall. This was when an ambitious general of the Special Services Division, under which *Stars & Stripes* operated, ordered the Army paper to run a filler throughout the paper asking: "Have You Killed Your German Today?"

"...The wall was more than just a dividing line between two newspapers. There was a door in it, and through that portal many *Stars & Stripes* men made the passage from G.I. to civilian status. On one side were the soldier-reporters who made ninety dollars per month if they had three stripes. On the other were the *Herald Tribune* staff with comfortable hotel rooms, liquor rations and assimilated ranks of captains and majors. But the feeling between the two staffs was one of sympathy and understanding. Both sides agreed that it was better to be on the Rue de Berri than at the end of a chattering machine gun."

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WRITER-EDITOR GOING TO SPAIN wants free-lance or stringer assignments. Box 303.

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MAIL or DELIVER TYPED COPY to the Bulletin Office by Monday Noon, including name and address — Items will not be taken by telephone. Rates are 50¢ a line.

LABOR DAY SCHEDULE

...Deadline for the next issue of the *Bulletin* (Sept. 12) is noon Tuesday, Sept. 8. As previously announced there will be no Aug. 29 or Sept. 5 issues.

The Clubhouse will be closed for Labor Day, Sept. 7.

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PARIS LIBERE

Most Were 'First'

(Cont'd from page 3)

LeClerc moved ahead as far as another strong point near the Fresnes Prison. By that time it was evening, and he decided to wait until morning for the occupation. Wright and I went back to Antony a mile or so and spent the night in a butcher shop. There I achieved one of my greatest triumphs. Wright speaks only one of the lesser-known American dialects, virtually unintelligible North of the Chattahoochee River, and I had been doing the interpreting. One of the women asked me "what part of France" I came from. She did it while Wright was there to witness. I could not have been more pleased with the Congressional Medal. We had a sing-song in the butcher shop that night. Wright bellowed Dixie until the black-market beef started swinging. The proprietor and his wife were astonished that America had had a civil

war and Wright's folks and mine probably were shooting at one another.

We were up and away just before the misty dawn broke. We met a lieutenant-colonel who was American liaison officer with the division, cleaning his teeth beside the road, and he told us we were the only correspondents he had seen.

Again we sought out the lead cavalry squadron. With them we went into the city proper, with the shooting going on from time to time.

It was about 6:30 a.m. when the armored cars of our squadron crossed the bridge and swung around the square in front of Notre Dame. They halted all around the empty square. It was dead silent, and I said to Wright, with my usual perspicacity, "All quiet, and the fighting is over at last."

At that moment some of the most concentrated firing I have ever heard shattered our ear-drums. From our positions under the jeeps, we observed the armored cars shooting across the river, and the bullets chipping off pieces of the buildings around us. Every once in a while some people with Red Cross armbands would come out of a building and carry one of our wounded.

Bells and Bravos

Eventually the shooting stopped. We turned on the gasoline motor that ran the generator of our wire recorder, and the bells of Notre Dame sounded on the still air. A crowd of civilians had emerged from the building — and I was able to record the bells and the happy shouts of the crowd. There was no TV in those days and we did not mind being covered with lipstick or even kisses from old men.

By this time it was 8:30 and 9 a.m. I went into the nearby Prefecture of Police. There were Andre Rabache and Pierre Gosset, two French correspondents whose bullet-riddled car I had seen a week or two earlier in Brittany. As first Army correspondents just ahead of us they had, with typical French enthusiasm and panache, driven gaily down the road ahead of us, ignoring a shouted warning by an American officer that the Germans had a strong point around the next bend. I was delighted they were still alive and unhurt. They had been taken prisoner and escaped, in civilian clothing.

They introduced me to the head of the French clandestine broadcasting. He pointed to a booth in the corner and said: "Go on the air. We are in contact with New York. Tell the story. You are the first American reporters to arrive."

I replied that unfortunately I had signed an undertaking not to broadcast without going through censorship and no censor had arrived.

"Merde for the censorship," he said, "I will be your censor. I am an official of the French resistance."

I struggled with myself for a while,

but I had been a war correspondent accredited to two armies for a good many years, and the training of "no censor — no broadcast" won out. I refused with thanks, and left to see whether in all Paris any of our censors had arrived.

It was a long day. Wright and I accompanied the French Division men along the Rue de Rivoli which, as all know, runs beside the Tuileries. We were able to get some recording of the firing, saw one of the German tanks destroyed in the Tuileries itself, while well-dressed French girls picked their way along the street paying little heed to all the shooting. We saw four tanks clatter into the Place de la Concorde wheel around in unison and start pouring shells into the Hotel Crillon. One of its columns was smashed, and someone later noted it was the fifth column from one end or the other.

"Number One"

It was late afternoon when we reached the Scribe. I wrote my piece and eventually the censors arrived. My dispatch was stamped NUMBER ONE, the first to go through, and I drew a breath of relief. No one else had arrived.

Wright and I made our way slowly across town. There was still shooting which blocked some streets, and milling crowds that meant we had to crawl down others. With the help of an old friend, *Jacqueline de Mauduit*, who had worked with me at INS in Paris at the war's beginning, we finally found the clandestine broadcasting studio on, I believe, the Rue de l'Universite. It was night by then, and each time I lit a match to look at a street number, a rifle bullet clipped the nearby masonry in a most disconcerting way.

Filled with pride, and clutching my censored broadcast in my hand, I strode into the studio. There was my old friend and competitor *Larry Lesueur* of CBS. "Where've you been, John", he asked. "I have been broadcasting for hours, and so has Paul Manning (then Mutual correspondent)."

"Where did you find your censor?" I asked. My crest had fallen to my knees.

"Censorship, hell", said Larry, "Who cares about censorship on such a day as this?"

I did my broadcast, giving the censorship number etc. Then crawled out of the studio, and back to the Scribe to assuage my sorrow — by listening to the crowds milling about outside the Scribe — and thinking that after the hurried flight in June 1940, I had come back all the way to Paris.

At least Larry and Paul were penalized. For the next two weeks while I worked my head off, they were suspended from broadcasting by the Army and condemned to do nothing but loaf around liberated Paris enjoying themselves.



CELEBRATION: Army trucks serve as non-military convoys, too, as happy Parisians climb aboard. (AP Wirephoto)